

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 27.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 703.

## THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

[Continued from our last.]

THE first day that Agnes led him to the garden once his own, he ran through every walk with eager delight; but he seemed surprised and angry to see the long grass growing in the walks, and the few flowers that remained choked up with weeds,—and began to pluck up the weeds with hasty violence.

"It is time to go home," said Agnes to him just as the day began to close in; and Fitzhenry immediately walked to the door which led into the house, and, finding it locked, looked surprised: then, turning to Agnes, he asked her if she had not the key in her pocket; and on her telling him that was not his home, he quitted the house evidently with great distress and reluctance, and was continually looking back at it, as if he did not know how to believe her.

On this little circumstance poor Agnes lay ruminating the whole night after, with joyful expectation; and she repaired to the garden at day-break, with a gardener whom she hired, to make the walks look as much as possible as they formerly did. But they had omitted to tie up some straggling flowers:—and when Agnes, Fanny, and the cottager, accompanied Fitzhenry thither the next evening, he, though he seemed conscious of the improvement that had taken place, was disturbed at seeing some gilliflowers trailing along the ground; and suddenly turning to Agnes he said, "Why do you not bind up these?"

To do these little offices in the garden, and keep the parterre in order, was formerly Agnes's employment. What delight, then, must these words of Fitzhenry, so evidently the result of an association in his mind between her and his daughter, have excited in Agnes! With a trembling hand and a glowing cheek she obeyed; and Fitzhenry saw her, with manifest satisfaction, tie up every straggling flower in the garden, while he eagerly followed her, and bent attentively over her.

At last, when she had gone the whole round of flower-beds, he exclaimed, "Good girl! good girl!" and, putting his arm round her waist, suddenly kissed her cheek.

Surprise, joy, and emotion difficult to be defined, overcame the irritable frame of Agnes, and the fell senseless to the ground. But the care of Fanny soon recovered her again;—and the first question she asked was, how her father (whom she saw in great agitation running round the garden) behaved when he saw her fall.

"He raised you up," replied Fanny, "and seemed so distressed! he would hold the salts to your nose himself, and would scarcely suffer me to do any thing for you; but, hearing you mutter 'Father! dear father!' as you began to come to yourself, he changed color, and immediately began to run round the garden, as you now see him."

"Say no more, say no more, my dear friend," cried Agnes; "it is enough. I am happy, quite happy;—it is clear that he knew me;—and I have again received a father's embrace:—Then his anxiety too when I was ill;—O! there is no doubt now that he will be quite himself in time."

"Perhaps he may," replied Fanny,—"but—"

"But! and perhaps!" cried Agnes pettishly;—"I tell you he will, he certainly will recover; and those are not my friends who doubt it." So saying, she ran hastily forward to meet Fitzhenry, who was joyfully hastening towards her, leaving Fanny grieved and astonished at her petulance; but few are the tempers proof against continual anxiety and the souring influence of still renewed and still disappointed hope: and even Agnes, the once gentle Agnes, if contradicted on this subject, became angry and unjust.

But she was never conscious of having given pain to the feelings of another, without bitter regret and an earnest desire of healing the wound she had made; and when, leaning on Fitzhenry's arm, she returned towards Fanny, and saw her in tears, she felt a pang severer than she had inflicted, and said every thing that affection and gratitude could dictate, to restore her to tranquillity again. Her agitation alarmed Fitzhenry; and, exclaiming, "Poor thing!" he held the smelling-bottle, almost by force, to her nose, and seemed terrified lest she was going to faint again.

"You see, you see," said Agnes triumphantly to Fanny; and Fanny, made cautious by experience, declared her conviction that her young lady must know more of all matters than she did.

But month after month elapsed, and no circumstances of a similar nature occurred to give new strength to the hopes of Agnes; however, she had the pleasure to see that Fitzhenry not only seemed attached to her, but to be pleased with little Edward.

She had indeed taken pains to teach him to endeavor to amuse her father,--but sometimes she had the mortification of hearing, when fits of loud laughter from the child reached her ear, "Edward was only laughing at grandpapa's odd faces and actions, mamma," and having at last taught him it was wicked to laugh at such things, because his grandfather was not well when he distorted his face, her heart was nearly as much wrung by the pity he expressed; for whenever these occasional slight fits of phrenzy attacked Fitzhenry, little Edward would exclaim, "Poor grandpapa! he is not well now;—I wish we could make him well, mamma!" But, on the whole, she had reason to be tolerably cheerful.

Every evening, when the weather was fine, Agnes, holding her father's arm, was seen taking their usual walk, her little boy gamboling before them; and never, in their most prosperous hours, were they met with curfies more low, or bows more respectful, than on these occasions; and many a one grasped with affectionate eagerness the meagre hand of Fitzhenry, and the feverish hand of Agnes; for even the most rigid hearts were softened in favor of Agnes, when they beheld the ravages grief had made in her form, and gazed on her countenance, which spoke in forcible language the sadness, yet resignation of her mind. She might if she had chosen it, have been received at many houses where she had formerly been intimate; but she declined it, as visiting would have interfered with the necessary labors of the day, with her constant attention to her father, and

with the education of her child. "But when my father recovers," said she to Fanny, "as he will be pleased to find I am not deemed wholly unworthy of notice, I shall have great satisfaction in visiting with him."

To be brief:—Another year elapsed, and Agnes still hoped; and Fitzhenry continued the same to every eye but hers:—she every day fancied his symptoms of returning reason increased, and no one of her friends dared to contradict her. But in order, if possible, to accelerate his recovery, she had resolved to carry him to London to receive the best advice the metropolis afforded, when Fitzhenry was attacked by an acute complaint which confined him to his bed. This event, instead of alarming Agnes, redoubled her hopes. She insisted that it was the crisis of his disorder, and expected health and reason would return together. Not for one moment, therefore, would she leave his bedside, and she would allow herself neither food nor rest, while with earnest attention she gazed on the fast sinking eyes of Fitzhenry, eager to catch in them an expression of returning recognition.

One day, after he had been sleeping some time, and she, as usual, was attentively watching by him, Fitzhenry slowly and gradually awoke; and, at last, raising himself on his elbow, looked round him with an expression of surprise, and, seeing Agnes, exclaimed, "My child! are you there? Gracious God! is this possible?"

Let those who have for years been pining away life in fruitless expectation, and who see themselves at last possessed of the long-desired blessing figure to themselves the rapture of Agnes.---"He knows me! He is himself again!" burst from her quivering lips---unconscious that it was too probable, restored reason was here the forerunner of dissolution.

"O! my father!" she cried, falling on her knees, but not daring to look up at him, "O! my father, forgive me if possible:---I have been guilty, but I am penitent!"

Fitzhenry, as much affected as Agnes, faltered out, "Thou art restored to me,---and God knows how heartily I forgive thee!" Then raising her to his arms, Agnes, happy in the fulfilment of her utmost wishes, felt herself once more pressed to the bosom of the most affectionate of fathers.

"But surely you are not now come back?" asked Fitzhenry. "I have seen you before, and very lately."—"seen me! O yes!" replied Agnes with passionate rapidity;—"for these last five years I have seen you daily; and for the last two years you have lived with me, and I have worked to maintain you!"—"Indeed!" answered Fitzhenry:—"but how pale and thin you are! you have worked too much:---Had you no friends, my child?"

"O yes! and guilty as I have been, they pity me, they respect me, and we may yet be happy! as Heaven restores you to my prayers!---True, I have suffered much; but this blessed moment repays me:---this is the only moment of true enjoyment I have known since I left my home and you!"

[To be continued.]

### MAHOMETAN JUSTICE.

A Christian subject of the Turks was carried before a Judge at Aleppo, and accused by a sheriff of having one evening in the bazar or market-place, knocked off his green turban, the punishment for which would have been capital; and, to increase the danger the Judge himself was a sheriff. The Christian, however, sent secretly, bribed the Cadi, and informed him of the truth, which was, that the sheriff's turban was of a dark green, that he took it for a dark blue, a color which a Christian friend of his wore, and for whom mistaking him, in the dusk, he had knocked off his turban in a joke.

The accused was brought before the Judge, and the plaintiff attended with a great number of other sheriffs. "Do you come here," said the Cadi, "in such numbers to ask justice or to take it yourselves? Go out, all but those who are witnesses; and you, Christian," addressing himself to the accuser, who had been privately pointed out to him, "go you out; I suppose you are a witness for the accused, you shall be called when you are wanted." The plaintiff, on this, exclaimed, that he was not only a Mahometan, but a sheriff, and the accuser himself! "What!" says the Cadi, "you a sheriff, and wear a turban of a color, that I myself, in the day-time, took for that of an infidel! how could the poor infidel, in the dark, distinguish it? You ought to wear the holy green of the prophet, and not be ashamed of it." Accordingly he acquitted the Christian, and ordered the plaintiff to be banished for not wearing a proper green turban. This ingenuity, stimulated by a bribe, gave a semblance of justice to his decision, and even the sheriffs did not venture to complain of such a nice expounder of the laws of the Prophet.

### EXTREME SENSIBILITY.

LOUIS DE BOURBON, Count of Montpensier, having entered Italy with a French army, was extremely impatient to go to Pouzzola, a small town situated near Naples, solely from a desire of visiting the tomb of his father, the duke of Bourdon, who died of a wound in 1496.

Touched with the most tender sentiments of respect and gratitude for the memory of the dearest object of his attachment, the young Montpensier ordered a magnificent service; then caused the tomb to be uncovered, in order to bathe with his tears the precious ashes of his much-beloved father.

O prodigy of sensibility! This sight so strongly affected the young prince, that he fell down lifeless, and instantly expired of a broken heart. The body of this affectionate son was enclosed in the same tomb, by the remains of his father. They were afterwards both carried to France, and deposited in the chapel of St. Louis. The sudden death of this young hero diffused sorrow over the whole army. His unparalleled bravery was extolled by all, and he was still more admired for the goodness of his heart, which obtained him the glorious appellation of the HERO OF FAMILIAL AFFECTION.

### ANECDOTE.

At the time of the General Fast, in consequence of the earthquake at Lisbon, the principals of the College at Oxford, made a very strict order for keeping all the ale-houses, &c. close shut, and prohibiting all vendors of liquors from selling any on that day. One of the Oxford publicans was too much of a humor to comply with the order: he admitted a party of the scholars into his house, got them a very good dinner, served it in a back room, shut his front windows, and double-locked the street door. Of this business the proctor somehow or other got information, and intended by the proper officers came and knocked at the door, but the door was fast, and the young gentlemen made their escape the back way. The proctor knocked, and knocked, and knocked again, and at length the door was open'd, and the party marched in official state to the room, but the birds were flown, the bottles and glasses removed, and the landlord sitting with a large family bible spread upon the table before him, and his eyes half shut; he arose on their entrance, and apologized for their having been kept at the door so long, but he had (and really was ashamed of it) fallen fast asleep over a chapter of the Prophet Jeremiah. "You are an excellent fellow," said one of the gentlemen, "you are a most excellent fellow, but we cannot take hold of you now, nor indeed do I think we ought; you have kept thine to the letter of the law, and not only made your family fast, but fallen fast asleep yourself, and made your doors and windows fast. You are an excellent fellow, but take care of yourself, and do not make a practice of playing at fast and loose."

### THE HUMBLE CRUST.

I Envy not the great, or worldly wise;  
The old and indigent I weep to see;  
For tears that flow'd from my poor parent's eyes  
Were tears of soft compassion shed for me.  
Mean was their birth, and wretched seem their lot,  
For sometimes they had bread, and sometimes not.  
I lately was where luxury prevail'd,  
Tables I saw, with costly dainties stor'd;  
A half starv'd girl there for relief appeal'd,  
But not one morsel did the place afford,  
She piteous look'd---I sigh'd, and felt it just  
To let her freely share my barley crust.

Could hunger speak, or poverty converse---  
Could charity with misers interfere,  
Or could humanity with tongue reprove,  
So many would not food and raiment need;  
So many would not crave a barley crust,  
Or sink through famish'd weakness to the dust.

With patient eyes, oft have I calmly view'd  
The rich man's sumptuous fare, and steward's sway,  
Yet murmur'd not---kind Providence renew'd  
My feeble strength with succor ev'ry day.  
When I was from these doors of plenty thrust  
I drank out of the brook, and crav'd my crust.  
Misfortunes, crosses, want, and pain of mind,  
Alternately have my campaigns been;  
But now I triumph over all---resign'd,  
As if I ne'er had days of sorrow seen.  
Why should I, then, indigent Heav'n mistrust,  
Or grumble at a water'd barley crust?

I covet not magnificence, or ease,  
Abundance, pleasure, or dishonest wealth;  
But in my turf cot I'll pass my days,  
And praise my God for peace, content, and health.

Apart from sinful pride and worldly lust,  
Here I'll enjoy my precious barley crust.

### AGAINST REPINING AT FORTUNE.

THO' in my narrow bounds of rural toil,  
No obelisk or splendid column rise;  
Tho' partial Fortune still averts her smile,  
And views my labors with condemning eyes;  
Yet all the gorgeous vanity of state  
I can contemplate with a cool disdain;  
Nor shall the honors of the gay and great  
E'er wound my bosom with an envious pain.  
Avail it aught the grandeur of their halls,  
With all the glories of the pencil hung,  
If Truth, fair Truth! within th' unallow'd walls,  
Hath never whisper'd with her sly tongue?  
Avail it aught, if music's gentle lay  
Hath oft been echo'd by the sounding dome;  
If music cannot soothe the griefs away,  
Or change a wretched to a happy home?

Tho' Fortune should invest them with her spoils,  
And banish poverty with look severe,  
Enlarge their confines, and decrease their toils,  
Ah! what avail if the increase their care?  
Tho' tickle the dislism my moss-grown cot,  
Nature I thou look'st with more impartial eyes;  
Smile thou, fair goddess! on my foster lot;  
I'll neither fear her fall, nor count her rise.  
Can he, who with the tide of Fortune fails,  
More pleasure from the sweets of Nature share?  
Do zephyrs wait her more ambrosial gales,  
Or do his groves a gayer liv'ry wear?  
To me the beav'ns unveil as pure a sky;  
To me the flow'r's as rich a bloom disclose;  
The morning beams as radiant to my eye,  
As darkness guides me to as sweet repose.

If luxury their lavish dainties piles,  
And still attends upon their fated hours,  
Doth Health reward them with her open smiles,  
Or Exercise enrage their feeble pow'r?  
Tis not in richess mines of Indian gold,  
That man his jewel happiness can find,  
If his unfeeling breast, to virtue cold,  
Denies her entrance to his ruthless mind,  
Wealth, pomp, and honor are but gaudy toys;  
Alas, how poor the pleasures they impart!  
Virtue's the sacred source of all the joys  
That claim a lasting mansion in the heart.

### FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### CHEERFULNESS

Cheerfulness is a duty incumbent on all; and it is not only a duty but a source of happiness to the fortunate possessor. The person who possesses the disposition, carries the sacred flame wherever he goes; his company is sought; his visits are welcome,--and he is esteemed by all--why? because he strives to make his friends happy. But, on the other hand, the person who is destitute of this disposition, renders himself an object of disgust to his associates, and such an one may expect to be neglected in youth, a subject of hatred in middle age, and in old age despised.

D. N.

#### NEW MODE OF DUELING.

A French Officer, in Paris, having possessed himself of a place at the Opera, which was empty, but which a citizen in the next row was desirous of keeping for a lady, a serious dispute arose between them, and they determined to settle the matter the next morning by an appeal to the laws of honor and of arms. The wond of Boulogne was fixed upon for the scene of action. The following morning the citizen went at an early hour to the lodgings of his adversary, whom he found in as profound a sleep, as Turenne, is said to have usually been after he had made all his dispositions for battle. Having roused him from his slumbers, he said, "Sir, before we go to our rendezvous, I wish to have a short explanation with you. You are a soldier; you are familiar with the use of arms. I am an apothecary, and never yet in my life have I taken a sword or a pistol in my hand. You must therefore allow, that it would not be honorable to force me to an unequal combat. In order to place ourselves upon an equal footing, with respect to weapons, I come to propose to you two which belong to my business, and which you can use with as much dexterity as myself." He then drew a paper from his pocket, and presented it to his enemy, saying, "There are two pills; the one is poison, the other not. Choose which you please, and swallow it; I shall swallow the other. This mode of fighting will prove decisive, and will furnish no advantage in point of arms." The proposal excited a hearty laugh from the Officer, who begged the Apothecary to forget what had passed, and to substitute for his pills a good breakfast, of which he intended he would partake. The affair went off in a pleasant way, and each party was perfectly satisfied. The Apothecary accomplished by his specific the effect which he desired, and the Officer was cured, without swallowing the pills, of his fever for dueling.

#### SIR THOMAS MORE.

SALLIES of wit, and brilliancy of imagination, are seldom the concomitants of a profound understanding; but in the character of Sir Thomas More, solidity and effervescence are happily united.

That innocent mirth and propensity to cheerfulness, which so strongly marked all the actions of his life, forsake him not at the moment of resigning it; for, observes his historian, as he was ascending the scaffold, he found the steps so weak and crazy, that it was with difficulty he avoided falling down them, when turning to the Lieutenant of the Tower, "Pray, master Lieutenant," said he, "see me safe up; for, when I come down, I shall be able to shift for myself." Upon finishing his last address to Heaven, and observing the executioner look sad and dejected, "Pluck up thy spirits, man," said he, "and be not afraid to do thy office: my neck is very short, and therefore for your credit's sake take care you do not strike awry." Then laying his head upon the block, he desired the executioner to wait until he had put his beard aside; "for that," continued he, "has never committed TREASON."

#### ANECDOTE.

A SIMPLE rustic boy trudging along with a loaf of bread under each arm, met the squire of the parish, who, being offended at the want of an obeisance, sternly said, "Sirrah! I think you might move your hat!"---"So I will," replied the boy, "If you will hold one of my loaves the while."

#### REMARK.

There is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman; even tho' her tongue be silent the eloquence of her eyes teach wisdom. The mind sympathizes with the regularity of the object in view, and struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony.

## TO HEALTH.

WHEN dire disease has long our limbs confin'd,  
And prospects brighten by returning health,  
What cause for joy, what cause for thanks we find,  
For health's a prize we value more than wealth.  
O gem divine! with rapturous joy I haste  
To hail thy lov'd return to me,  
Once more th' unfolding bliss of life I taste,  
And tender grateful thanks, the best return, to thee,  
S. S. L.

## SONG.

THO' pale and wan my cheeks appear,  
Tho' dead to joy and hope I live,  
Tho' the deep sigh and trickling tear  
Are all the signs of life I give:  
The blood will blushing spread my face,  
Again my languid pulse will beat,  
If, in some unexpected place,  
I cruel LAURA chance to meet.  
Thus will the touch of homicide,  
As we in ancient legends read,  
Recall the flowing purple tide,  
And make the victim's body bleed.

## ANECDOTE.

A husband and wife, who quarrelled rather more than man and wife usually do, which the reader will believe was bad enough, were on the eve of separation; when the good lady, affecting to fall sick, told her spouse that "she believed she should die, and to put on the best face to the world, thought she had better say and end her days in their old house;" which he, good easy man, full readily assented to; and very seriously asked her, "whom she would advise him to marry when she was gone." This was too much! "Marry the devil!" replied she in great warmth. "Marry the devil!" "No, my love," answered he, "no; that can never be, the canon of the church prohibit it; I have married his daughter already."

SCRAP—Meditation is the fountain of discourse;

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1802.

By the last arrivals, no accounts had reached Eng'land of the negotiations at Amiens.

The growing crops, especially of rye, throughout Great Britain, are represented as uncommonly promising.

The Dutch squadron, accompanied by a French ship armed en flèche, have sailed from Brest for the West-Indies, besides two fresh squadrons from Spanish ports. A squadron of frigates has also put to sea from Cherbourg, and a new expedition is preparing at Brest for Guadaloupe. The English government, in the mean time, are establishing a force at Jamaica, sufficient to counteract any possible inconvenience which might result from the introduction of so large a body of French troops into St. Domingo as have recently been sent thither.

The young Prince of Orange, it is said, has been invited to Paris, preparatory to a meditated change in the Bata-vian government, in which his interests will not be overlooked.

Capt. Hovey in 18 days from Guadaloupe, informs, that when he sailed, the troops of that Island were all under arms, hourly expecting an attack from the French, whose landing they were determined to oppose at the point of the bayonet. That all the houses were shut at dark, and a sentinel placed at each door, that a well armed galley was moored at the Bar, to prevent the entry of the enemy— that all the American vessels had been robbed by the Blacks of money and clothing to a considerable amount, one brig, (the Sally of Philadelphia) had 1500 dollars, besides other articles, taken from her in one night, that large sums had been offered to American Captains to remain a few days, in order to take off the wealthy families of the Island, that 2000 dollars had been offered to our informant, if he would remain two weeks, and bring away the effects of an American merchant of that place, and that all was confusion and trouble there.

## Late from the Mediterranean.

The ship Superior, Huggins, has arrived at Philadelphia from Marseilles and Gibraltar, left the latter place the 10th ult. Capt. Huggins informs, that by a letter from Consul O'Brien, it appears that five Tripolitan cruisers were out, but had made no Prizes that Capt. H. heard of.

The frigate President, Com. Dale, and a sloop for Norfolk, sailed in company from Gibraltar, with the Superior and parted 1st March.

The Dey of Algiers has agreed to receive his arrears of tribute in cash; and is paid to the commencement of the present year.

We are informed, by a gentleman from Cape Francois, that on the day he left that place, a French Corvette, which was detached from the Batavian Fleet arrived, and informed that the Batavian Fleet with Seven Thousand French troops on board, was distant from the Cape about 3 days. [Philadelphia Paper.]

BOSTON, April 8.

Arrived ship Minerva, Barber, London 34 days. Sailed from the Downs March 4. March 6, in lat. 46, 30, long. 47, at 6 A. M. fell in with a field of ice, extending S. W. and N. E., as far as the eye could reach—the wind being S. S. W. we were obliged to attempt our way through it—it consisted of broken cakes, some of which were very large. The breadth of the field we supposed to be about a quarter of a mile. We were surprised to find many more fields equally large in every direction. Our only alternative for safety, was to wear the ship immediately, repass the first field, and stand to the E.—this was accordingly done. April 5, lat. 47, long. 66, 46, at 10 A. M. the main deck blew up on both sides; the force of the explosion extended aft through the steerage, raised the quarter-deck, and carried away the state rooms on both sides, together with the bread room, stove rooms, &c. coming through the cabin and bursting out the cabin windows. Many of the crew were sleeping in their hammocks, near where the explosion took place, others in the steerage, some of the passengers were in their state rooms, and others up on deck, and many of the people were in divers part of the ship, but providentially no person was killed. The ship was then on fire in several places between decks. The smoke issuing out in every direction. The first measure taken was to throw overboard a quantity of powder in the iron, together with the aqua fortis, oil of vitriol, &c. upon deck, some packages of which were broken by the explosion. At this time a ship and brig were in sight but no assistance could be obtained from them. Happily, by the exertions of the crew and passengers, the fire was extinguished in a short time. On investigating the cause of this unfortunate affair, it was found that it originated from there being part of a passenger's baggage between decks, in which was a quantity of powder. One of the boys being in pursuit of some article for the ship's use, went with a candle, which accidentally communicated to the aforementioned package.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

THE

## Father and Daughter,

A TALE.

"Thy sweet reviving smiles might cheer despair,  
On the pale lips detain the parting breath,  
And bid hope blossom in the shades of death."

BY MRS. OPIE.

J. TICE,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-Street, next door to Mr. Robertson's Carpet Store—where he has for sale an elegant assortment of Ladies' wigs and fillets, of various colors, and of the most recent fashions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe—with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, of the first quality, &c. &c.

He has also for sale—A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and shoes, which is an excellent preservation for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even soil the white silk. Black morocco that is become rusty, by the use of this Blacking, will look equal to new....To be had only at the above store. Nov. 14.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

Come, thou source of purest pleasure!  
Come, thou so-fow-loothing power;  
Shed thy influence without measure,  
Rain of joys thy ceaseless shower!

## MARRIED.

On Wednesday last week, at Poughkeepsie, Mr. JAMES RIVINGTON, Junr. of this city, to Miss GERTRUDE VAN KLEEK, young daughter of the late Colonel Leonard Van Kleeck.

On Friday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, to Miss HESTER TILYOU, daughter of Mr. Vincent Tilyou, all of this city.

On Wednesday, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. ABRAHAM RIDER, to Miss ELIZA SHERMAN, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Sandford, Mr. WILLIAM CONNEY, to Miss CHARITY BAKER, both of this city.

## MORTALITY.

Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing.

## DIED.

On Monday last, at Mount-Pleasant, West-Chester County, of a consumption, Miss ELIZA HUNTER, aged 18, only daughter of Elijah Hunter, Esq.

At Woburn, in Great Britain, March 1, the most Noble FRANCIS, Duke of BARDFAIR, &c. 37—He was the richest peer in England; and the leader of the Whig interest therem. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

In London, Dr MOORE, the celebrated author of Zeluco, Travels thro' France and Italy, and many other performances of merit;

## TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY,  
Sold by John Harrison No. 3 Peck-Slip.

## THEATRE.

On Monday Evening will be presented the Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

JULIET. MRS. MERRY.

To which will be added, the Grand Pantomime of

## Obi;

OR, THREE FINGER'D JACK,

The public are respectfully informed, that the Manager has engaged Mrs. MARRY for two weeks, during which she will perform six nights successively on the usual nights of exhibition.

Vivat Republica.

## JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale at this Office,

## MONIMA,

OR THE BEGGAR GIRL:

An Original Novel, in one vol: founded on fact:

## FOR SALE.

A Negro boy, between 16 and 17 years of age, understands all kind of house work, tending on table, and taking care of horses. Sold for no fault, only want of employ. The price is one hundred pounds. Enquire of the printer, or at No. 26a Water Street, April 17.

JAMES ALWAYS,  
Windsor Chair Maker.

Informs his Customers and the Public in general, that he continues to carry on his WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James Street, where Windsor Chairs of every description, may be had on short notice and reasonable terms. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old Chairs, when repainted, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order; he will paint them green or any fancy color, at a very low price.

NB. All orders for painting Window blinds carefully attended to.

January 30,

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE BEST OF WIVES.

#### A TALE.

A MAN had once a vicious wife,  
(A most UNCOMMON thing in life)---  
His days and nights were spent in strife  
Unceasing.  
Her tongue went glibly all day long,  
Sweet contradiction fill her song,  
And all the poor man did was wrong,  
And ill done.  
A truce, without doors, or within,  
From speeches, long as statesmen spin,  
Or left from her eternal din,  
He found not.  
He every soothing art display'd;  
Tried of what fluff her skin was made:  
Failing in all, to heav'n he pray'd  
To take her.  
Once walking by a river's side,  
In mournful terms, "my dear," he cried,  
"No more let feuds our peace divide---  
"I'll end them.  
"Weary of life, and quite resign'd,  
To drown I have made up my mind,  
"So tie my hands as fast behind  
"As can be,  
"Or nature may assert her reign---  
"My arms afflit---my will restrain,  
"And, swimming, I once more regain  
"My troubles."  
With eager haste, the dame complies,  
While joy stands gliss'ning in her eyes?  
Already, in her thoughts, he dies  
Before her.  
"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,  
Nature revolts," he said; "beside,  
"I would not be a suicide,  
"And die thus;  
"It would be better far, I think,  
While close I stand upon the brink,  
"You push me in---nay, never shrink,  
"But do it."  
To give the blow the more effect,  
Some twenty yards she ran direct,  
And did what she could least expect  
She should do.  
He slips aside himself to save,  
So souffle she dashes in the wave,  
And gave (what ne'er before she gave)  
Much pleasure!  
"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried;  
"Thou best of wives!" the man replied,  
"I would---but you my hands have tied,  
"God help ye!"

#### PIGRAM.

Says Giles, "My wife and I are two;  
Yet, faith! I dont know why, Sir."  
Quoth Jack, "You're ten, if I speak true;  
She's one, and you're a cypher."

#### ANECDOTE.

AS a nobleman was receiving from Louis XIII. the investiture of the Holy Ghost, and was saying, as is usual on that occasion, "Lord, I am unworthy of the honor;"---"I know that well enough," replied the King, "but I could not resist the importunity of my cousin, Cardinal Richelieu, who begged me to give it you."

#### EDUCATION.

J. C. RUDIS respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his ACADEMY is open for the reception of Students in the Latin, and French Languages, and the various branches of English Literature.

He proposes to open a Morning School on the first of May next, for the instruction of young Ladies, in either of the above mentioned branches, from 6 to 8 o'clock.-----By his faithful and diligent exertions, he hopes to merit the approbation of those who may honor him with their patronage.

March 27th, 1802

99 am.

## MORALIST.

### APOSTROPHE TO IDLENESS.

IDLENESS, thou base of every estimable quality, thou pander to every vice! in what colors of infamy oughtest thou to be painted, and how dangerous is it to indulge thy carelessness! Beneath thy enchanting blandishments every corruption springs up, and every virtue is obscured. It is thou that sinkest the love of honorable performance in the bed of inglorious ease. It is thou that holdest out the oblivious draught of what duty calls to perform; and when once thy cup is talled to intoxication, farewell every hope of fame, farewell every wish for distinction. Bound in thy fetters, talents, whether natural or acquired, are useless; and even the brightest virtues become tainted by folly, or contaminated by perverse passions. I have seen the proud lords of nature stoop to thy bewitchings, till they encumbered the very earth on which they dwelt, and only lived to disgrace themselves, and to be a burden to the community.

### THE BETHESDA (select) BOARDING SCHOOL,

PATERSON, NEW-JERSEY. At this SEMINARY are taught reading (with propriety) spelling, grammar, writing, arithmetic, geography, the use of the globes and maps, plain work, muslin work, tambour, lace work, embroidery in a very superior style, cloth work, print work, paper maschee, marking, darning, mending silk stockings, filigree raised and flat, with many other things too numerous to mention, at one hundred dollars per annum, French, and drawing extra charges. No expense has been spared to procure assistants, and render the place agreeable; and the healthiness of it can be no longer doubted.

Mrs. and Mrs. PHILIPS desire to return their grateful thanks for the patronage they have been favored with, and hope for a continuance of the like favors, as the improvements of the scholars have been in general unexceptionable, and even beyond the most sanguine expectations of their parents, &c. The profits of the school have hitherto been expended in rendering the situation commodious, and in printing and procuring such books as would facilitate the improvement of the scholars. In this seminary, every vice is shunned with care, and every indulgence allowed that consilts with the improvement of the mind, and health of the body. NB. No Hollidays given, but at the option of the Parents or Guardians. 99 1m

#### FRENCH READING.

#### M. MARTIN.

Solicited by several persons who have heard him read French Poetry, to give in this city, Public Reading in French, as Mr. Le Texier does in London, has determined to read publicly at Lovett's Hotel, Broadway, as soon as he shall have fifty subscribers, a selection of French Tragedy and Comedy of the first masters, such as Racine, Voltaire, Moliere, &c, according to the prevalent taste of his subscribers.

The terms of subscription are 1 pound for three readings, or 1 dollar per evening. Subscriptions received at the Circulating Library, No. 153 Broadway; No. 114 Maiden-Lane, or at Mr. M's Chambers No. 67 Stone-Street between the hours of 12 and 2. The piece fixed upon, as well as the nights, will be announced in the papers.

Mr. M. gives lessons of elocution in French as well as in English.

April 10

#### A long established STAND,

FOR the DRY GOOD BUSINESS, is offered to be leased for a term of years. The proprietor has found this establishment, as profitable, he prefigures, as any in this city, and declines it on account of ill health only. Any one wishing to engage in this business, will find an uncommonly favorable opportunity; in reality, one so good in every respect, is seldom obtainable.

He has on hand an extensive and valuable assortment of Goods now in the store. Of these, which he will engage to be as well laid in as any in the city, being chiefly purchased with ready money, the tenant may have such portion of from 10 to 20,000 dollars worth, as he may choose. For the payment of which, he will take real estate in this city; or an extensive credit may be had on them, the payment of the principal and interest being secured by mortgage.

The premises is a well finished, modern built three story house, and has every convenience for a genteel family. Sealed applications directed to W. B. and left with the printer, will be duly attended to.

March 29 1m

## M WATSON

Returns her sincere thanks to the Public for their past encouragement, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 BROADWAY, opposite the City-Tavern, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready made Linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cavans, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms. A genteel assortment of Childbed Linen,

March 27, 1802

#### FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Mr. MARTIN returns his sincere thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city for the encouragement he has already met with, and informs them, that for the convenience of persons of both sexes, who do not wish to be attended at their houses, he will receive them at his apartments, No. 67 Stone-Street. The hours of attendance are for Ladies, from 12 to 2; and from 6 till 9 in the evening for gentlemen---the other part of the day being devoted to private lessons.

NB. The hours of attendance for Ladies are to be altered according to the seasons, as much as it will be consistent with Mr. M's private lessons.

Mr. M. Enseigne l'Anglois aux étrangers. 99 1m

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he intends, on Monday the 5th of April, to open a Seminary for the education of youth of both sexes, in the Academy formerly occupied by Mr STRABECK, No. 49 Chatham-Street; where he intends teaching the various branches included in an English education; (young ladies will be taught plain sewing if desired). As his prices are moderate, and his fixed purpose is to give the strictest attention to the business, as well as to the morals of his pupils, he prefigures to hope for a degree of patronage from the enlightened citizens of New-York.

LEWIS G. STANBROUGH.

New-York, March 13, 1802.

This is to certify that Mr. Lewis G. STANBROUGH has been employed as a Teacher in my Seminary for some time past; that I have found him qualified for the business of an English Teacher, and can heartily recommend him for his integrity and strict attention to business.

GEORGE STREBECK.

April 3.

#### TUITION.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public in general, that he has furnished himself with a very commodious Room, at No. 165 Division Street, in a very healthy part of the town; and will open SCHOOL on Monday the 5th inst---where he will teach the various branches of English Literature, (that is to say) the Alphabet, Spelling and Reading grammatically, Writing, Arithmetic, and English Grammar, Book-Keeping, Surveying, Geography, Geometry and Trigonometry; also, the Rudiments of the Latin and Greek Languages,---and hopes by assiduous endeavors to render general satisfaction.

AARON GARDNER.

NB. Convenient Boarding may be had reasonably near the said School.

April 3.

#### EDUCATION.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers, and the Public in general, that he will continue his SCHOOL, the ensuing season, at No. 1 Fishers-Street, second door from the corner of said street and Bowery-Lane; a little north from the New Watch house, in a large upper room, built and furnished for that purpose, a very commodious airy, and healthy situation; where he will teach the Alphabet, Spelling, and Reading Grammatically, Writing and Arithmetic, Book Keeping and English grammar; also the Art of Speaking; and hopes by his assiduous endeavors to render general satisfaction to his employers. The strictest attention will be paid to order, morality, and their civil deportment.

The Subscriber also wishes to inform the public that he teaches the Art of Penmanship upon the new and late systemized plan, and will affix any person to become an eligible fair writer in three months, they paying strict attention to the business, or he will exact no pay. He will give lessons at their own houses, or at the School room above mentioned, betwixt the hours of five and seven p. m.

W. D. LAZELL.

NB. The Subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Leases, Indentures, Powers of attorney, Bonds, Notes, &c.

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